

Now fall the height of heaven in headlong ruin  
 above me,  
 Where it hangs its brazen menace o'er the earth-  
 born heads of  
 men,  
 If I give not love and helping to all the hearts that  
 love me,  
 If to all that hate I give not havoc and hate again!

Yet we find ourselves returning once more  
 to this tiny  
 sanctuary, with the quiet candles flickering  
 on its simple  
 altar, lying at peace through the sunlit  
 Sundays of its  
 English countryside—that same gentle,  
 unemphatic coun-  
 try on which a century later Gray watched  
 the shadows of  
 evening fall. Here are none of the too  
 gorgeous glories of  
 Crashaw's Roman altar-pieces; none of the  
 mystic grand-  
 eurs that light the grey shrine of Vaughan,  
 girt with the  
 cloud-raked summits of the West. But here  
 above the  
 grave of Herbert, those who love the Church  
 of England,  
 and those who love only her rare poetry,  
 may meet for a  
 moment, in spite of Coleridge, before they  
 part on their  
 eternally divergent ways.